

THE
BANISH'D
BEAUTY:

OR, A

Fair FACE in *Disgrace*,

A

POEM.

*Is She not Fair, as Painting can express,
Or Youthful Poets fancy when they love?* Rowe.

THE THIRD EDITION.

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THE

BANISH

BEAUTY

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OF A

FAIR FACE IN DISGUISE

POEM

It is the old Fair, as Poets have expressed,
Or doubtful looks from their eyes
Rowe

THE THIRD EDITION

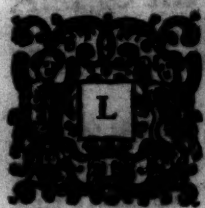
LONDON

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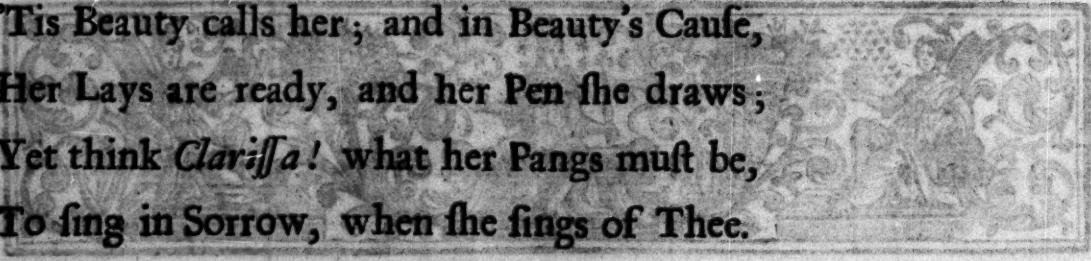
THE
BANISH'D
BEAUTY.



ET jarring Realms, and Europe's doubtful State,
Of Politicians be the dull Debate,
Stocks, languish'd Trade, let such, their Subject make,
And plead, and bellow for their Country's Sake,
A more important Theme demands the Muse,
A Theme, She neither can, nor dares refuse,

9 July P & C u.r.u.

A Theme, from whence her fairest Lawrels spring,
 Which first inspir'd, and taught her first to sing;
 'Tis Beauty calls her; and in Beauty's Cause,
 Her Lays are ready, and her Pen she draws;
 Yet think *Clarissa*! what her Pangs must be,
 To sing in Sorrow, when she sings of Thee.

In matchless Lustre lately did'st thou shine,
 Nor knew the Court a brighter Name than Thine?
 Of Wit and Beauty had'st thou ev'ry Grace?
 (Thy *Mind* the only Rival of thy *Face*;) 
 O'er thy own Sex triumphant did'st thou reign,
 And bid them put forth all their Charms in vain?
 Was this thy Empire, till *Lorenzo's* Ire,
 Mean and inglorious, did thy Fall conspire?
 To his dread *Liege* thy keen Rebukes convey'd,
 And gave thy weak despairing Sex his Aid?
 If so he thinks, *His* Triumph let it be,
 And still new Cause of just Contempt from *Thee*;
 Thy Wrongs, *bright Exile*! like thy self endure,
 And let the Muse thy injur'd Beauty cure;
 The Muse with faithful Service shall attend,
 And be, at all Events, *Clarissa's* Friend,
 With joyful Pains Thy every Merit trace,
 And shew Thee even bright'ned by *Disgrace*.

Nor think thy Beauty claims her Lays alone,
 She has a Debt of Gratitude to own,
 Since in her Cause, you wag'd a generous War,
 And urg'd your *Stout* Antagonist so far,
 That, thy superior Arguments to close,
 He vengeful, made the *Court* and *Beauty*, Foes.

The Task be thine, at large, much envied *G—y*!
 Thy own, and every Muse's Debt to pay,
 Nor let the *Fair*, who rose in the Defence
 Of *Wit*, *just Satyr*, *Truth*, and *common Sense*,
 In These her Moments of *Dis honour*, find,
 Thy *pointed* Numbers, like the C— unkind.

From bold *MACHEATH* awhile thy Rage withdraw,
 And let him, still uncur'd, brave the Law,
 Attack, Despoil, with a rapacious Hand,
 And deal to Tools the *Plunder* of a Land;
 Give him, *kind Bard*! the Grace of *thy* Reprieve,
 And to his own dark *Breast* the *Robber* leave;
 He'll find, when trembling late with Guilt and Fear,
 No *Stings*, no *Satire* are excluded *There*.
Lorenzo be thy *Satire's* present View;
 'Tis a *Resentment* to *Clarissa* due:

Ask him, what Warmth could urge him to despise
 The brightest *Judgment*, and the brightest *Eyes*;
 Could it arraign his *Prudence*, to submit,
 When *Beauty* soft'ned the Attacks of *Wit*?
 Or could it taint his *Honour*, to be meek,
 And, unresenting, hear a *Lady* speak?

When *Greece* and *Troy*, as say Great *Homer's* Strains,
 With fierce embatt'led Numbers throng'd the Plains,
 And when their clashing Arms, and Martial Rage
 Did in their Contests all the *Gods* engage;
 Unaw'd, in Slaughter did *Tydidēs* move,
 And wound with daring Arm the *Queen of Love*?
 Rough was *He* form'd, unfashion'd for a Court,
 War was his *Feast*, and *Cruelty* his *Sport*:
 From Him, *Lorenzo*, would'st Thou Pattern take?
 In Courage, first, Thyself an equal make:
 But 'twas Thy Merit to be train'd *Polite*,
 And rather taught the Art to *Wooe*, than *Fight*.
 At *Beauty's* Altar daily did'st thou vow;
 Then, whence a Carriage quite so different, now?
 Could'st Thou not use, for once, the *Courtier's* Guile,
 Carests thy Foe, and tho' offended, Smile?

Rallied

Rallied by Woman, think it no Disgrace?
 And let her *Tongue* be pardon'd, for her *Face*?
 Such is the Conduct should *Lorenzo* boast;
 Were not *Lorenzo* in the *Statesman* lost.
 Repent of *lovely Woman* thy Disdain,
 And to thy *former Self* return again:
 Make Thy Submission to the *Banish'd Fair*,
 Confess her Beauty, and her Wrongs repair.

No, no, *Lorenzo* is too proud to yield,
 And when he once has gain'd, to quit the Field;
 The Sanction of his *Dignity* and *Post*,
 With Insolence unparallel'd, He'll boast,
 Facts charg'd upon him, nor deny, nor own,
 But poorly fly for Shelter to the——

What! by *Lorenzo* is That——abus'd,
 At which, his *ROYAL MASTER* stood accus'd?
 Like *Lauro*, feeble Charges dares he bring?
 And in the *injur'd PRINCE*, to court the *KING*?
 Whilst frantick Humours in his Brain prevail,
 Trots He industrious on each *Gossip's* Tale?
 Does He at *Empire*, and at *Beauty* strike?
 And wound his *SOVEREIGN*, and the *Fair* alike?

Once

Once more, disdain, *Clarissa!* to repine,
 And let the Muse assure the Conquest Thine;
 The Lustre of the *Court* impair'd we see,
 (Impair'd indeed,——because depriv'd of Thee;)
 In thy Disgrace the *First* does more than Share;
 The *Banishment* is *Thine*; The *Loss* is *There*.

*Occasioned by Reading some Verses Printed in the Daily-
 Journal, of Friday March the 7th.*

TO CLARISSA.

DID *BEAUTY's* Wrongs *LORENZO's* Guilt accuse?
 And in his Service durst he *lift* a Muse?
 And stoop'd a Muse so basely to appear,
 To shew *CLARISSA* black, *LORENZO* clear?
 No other Pen could surely, but his own,
 Excuse his calling to his Aid, the——
 His feeble Efforts still unmov'd, regard!
 And scorn alike the *Gossip* and the *Bard!*

F I N I S.